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E L E G Y.

On the much Lamented Death of Alderman *John Stoyte*,
Esq; Member of Parliament for this City; Who Departed
this Life, on *Tuesday* the 2d of *July*, 1728.

Come bright *Urania*, nay come all the Nine
And all too few to sing this sacred Rhime,
Should *Angels* lend their Quills this Theme

(to write,

Or *Cherubin* his goodness to indite.

Yet those select *Thames* would almost fain too
To make us meanly understand and know,

(Low,

The Vertues that was Lodged in his dear
Breast.

Which has Conducted his immortal Soul to rest.
It is not in the power of my Pen,

But in some Sacred Writer then,
For to Describe his Vertues and his Grace,

Which from the Senate, to the Altar reacht,
He that so many with his bounty fed,

Alas he's Numbered among the Dead.
That Tongue, which once Declar'd to us God's

(Law,

I now Deprived of strength and breath with all
When he within God's sacred House appear'd,

His Graceful Countenance his thought Declar'd:
What sweet and Heavenly Doctrine have I,

Heard from his mouth which wrought me in-
wardly,

But Ah! alas methinks, I hear the Cry,
Of Orphans, Poor, and Widdows Misery,

Crying Alas! Alas! is good *Stoyte* Dead,
O it was he that fed us with his Bread,

And now we Wander with Tears in our Eyes,
Not knowing who our *Stoyte* shall Survive.

But our trust doth on the Lord Depend,
As He took him, he'll another send.

Was it not Mournful to behold and see,
The Grief; the Sorrow and Perplexity,

Of Orphans Widdows, and the Helpless Poor,
That Daily had sustenance from his store.

He that so many led from Satan's Vice,
Through God's assistance doth triumph with

(Christ,

O cruel Death, what is it thou hast done,
To take away our *Stoyte* in his Bloom,

He that was Kind, Charitable and Just,
Alas he now lyes in the silent Dust,

He was the Bulwork of our Church,
Our Faith maintain'd against all such.
As would oppose us in our holy Rites,
And he by God's Law all such would recite.

But ah, alas! why do I thus Moan,
Is it not sure to Heaven he is gone.

And there was welcom'd by all such,
As he with holy Doctrine did Conduct,

Then weep no more you Lover of this Saint
(like Man,

Since he before us unto Heaven is gone.
Hybernia now appears without a smile,

Whilst *Stoyt's* Death Rings thro' th' unhappy
(Isle,

Where nought is heard, but a continual Cry,
Nor Sun appears upon the gloomy Sky;

As Nature it self in great Concern had been
And help'd to make that Melancholly Scene;

Let Irish Druids now Lament his Fall,
And let him be a common Theam to all.

That Theam alone, can recommend each
(Rhime,

And like his Name keep equal Pace with Time
And has receiv'd the reward of the Just,

To live with Christ in everlasting Rest.

AN E P I T A P H.

Gentle Traveller I pray behold,
Who Lyeth in this Bed of Mould,
The Pious Charitable, and the Just,
The Relicks of the good *Stoyt's* Dust,
And tho' his Body Lyes Intomb'd here,
His Soul is mounted to the Heavenly Quire,
And now with Hallelujahs of Joy and Praise,
Unto the King of King's to Heaven does raise.

F I N I S.

D U B L I N; Printed in the Year, 1728.